

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME III.

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THE EXAMINER;

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TERMS.

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PAUL SEYMOUR, PUBLISHER.

From the New York Evening Post.
The Rising Opinions of President Monroe's Cabinet.

In his very able speech at Jefferson, on the 26th May last, Col. Benton referred to the opinions of the members of Mr. Monroe's cabinet on the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in the territories of the United States. The evidence of these opinions was first produced in the Senate of the United States, by Mr. Westcott, of Florida, on the 25th of July, 1848, in the discussion on the bill establishing a territorial government in Oregon. It consisted of a manuscript letter from Mr. Monroe, written in 1820, in which two questions are stated as having been propounded by him to his cabinet, for the purpose of ascertaining the opinions of its several members, with regard to the constitutionality of the eighth section of the act to admit Missouri into the Union, which prohibited slavery in the Louisiana territory north of 36° 30' north latitude, (Mason & Dixon's line). These questions are as follows:

"INTERROGATORIES. MISSOURI, MARCH 4, 1820. 'TO THE HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS AND ATTORNEY GENERAL.'"

"Has Congress a right, under the power vested in it by the Constitution, to make a regulation prohibiting slavery in a territory?"

"Is the 8th section of the act which passed both houses on the 3d inst., for the admission of Missouri into the Union, consistent with the Constitution?"

In the letter of Mr. Monroe containing them he says, the opinion of the administration was explicit in favor of the constitutionality of restraining slavery in the territories. The administration or cabinet was then composed as follows:

Mr. Monroe, of Virginia, President.

Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, Secretary of State.

Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, Secretary of War.

Mr. Thompson, of New York, Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Wirt, of Virginia, Attorney General.

Of the six members of the cabinet, including the head, there were four from slaveholding and two from free States.

It seems that Mr. Dix had also been in possession of a copy of Mr. Monroe's letter, for, on the day after Mr. Westcott spoke, he produced it, together with an extract from Mr. Adams's Diary, which he had procured from his son. Those who remember the debate, will not have forgotten the flurry occasioned by the production of this evidence, and especially the extract from Mr. Adams's journal, which confirmed Mr. Monroe's letter in every particular, not only to the minutest agreement in the phraseology of the questions, but in respect to the unanimity of the cabinet, and the fact that the opinions were given in writing, and deposited in the Department of State.

Mr. Calhoun gave a very faltering and unsatisfactory account of the matter. Mr. Foote, of Mississippi, came to the rescue by inquiring whether Mr. Adams's statement was under oath, implying that it was not otherwise to be believed; and Mr. Johnson of Maryland, the present Attorney General, performed the same friendly office of intervention for the South Carolina Senator, by giving a wire-drawn exposition of the difference between the terms "unanimous" and "explicit."

All this, Colonel Benton has recently brought again before the public, in his clear and pointed manner.

Without enlarging upon it, we now desire to present some further evidence of the existence of these opinions, and of their deposit in the Department of State, in reply to some of the statements made in the following passage from Mr. Calhoun's reply to C. A. Benton:

"Opposed to the statement of Mr. Adams, stands the fact, that no opinions, as is admitted by Colonel Benton, are to be found on the files of the Department of State, NOR ANY EVIDENCE THAT SUCH OPINIONS WERE EVER FILED; although the statement purporting to be from the diary of Mr. Adams, says that Mr. Monroe directed them to be filed. One of two things would seem to be clear; either he fell into an error, in making the entry, or that he failed to place them on file, in consequence of some subsequent direction from the President. It is hardly possible, if they had been placed on file, but that they would still be there, or some evidence in existence that they had been there. My own recollection is, that Mr. Monroe requested the opinion of the members of his cabinet in writing; but that in consequence of want of time to prepare a written opinion, or some other cause, none was given, and I stated in the Senate, when General Dix brought up the question as to the opinion of the cabinet of Mr. Monroe, before the fact was disclosed that there was no written opinion on the files of the department."

It is the denial of Mr. Calhoun that there was any evidence "that such opinions were ever filed," to which we wish to call the attention of our readers.

Mr. Dix admitted that the opinions were not to be found, although an examination had been made for them in the State Department.

Mr. Westcott's speech was not published among the proceedings of that session of Congress (the 1st session of the 30th) but it appears in the appendix to the Congressional Globe of the 2d session; and we find the following note, page 58:

"Since the adjournment of Congress, I have personally aided in searching the records and files of the State Department for those opinions, and having some years since been a clerk in that department, I am enabled to know that the search was complete. The following entry is on the 'Register of letters received 1817 to 1820, No. 1.'"

"March 8, 1820, Adams, Crawford, Calhoun, Wirt, and Thompson, Messrs.—Washington, March 4, 1820. Their opin-

ions in writing upon the constitutionality of the law for the admission of Missouri into the Union."

"This entry," continues Mr. Westcott, "is in the handwriting of Mr. King, then a clerk in the department, who has been dead many years. A book, in which those papers were probably bound, is supposed to be lost; at any rate, the papers cannot be found."

Here is direct record evidence from the department itself, that the opinions were filed, and that Mr. Calhoun's assertion is untrue. It overthrows his last feeble effort to escape the inconsistency of having solemnly admitted, when acting under his oath to support the constitution, in the high position of an adviser of the President, the right of Congress to prohibit slavery in the territories, and of denying the power, under the same oath, when acting in the high position of a representative in the Senate of one of the sovereign States of the Union.

The questions occur—What have become of these opinions? In what manner, by whose agency, for what purpose have they been secreted in the State Department, or abstracted from it? For we will not suppose, for a moment, that they could have been lost, or that they could have evaded the searching examination of Mr. Westcott, himself a clerk in the department at a former period, if they had merely been accidentally out of place.

Col. Benton, in alluding to the absence of the opinions, significantly says, "It is to be recollected, that no one of Mr. Monroe's cabinet has been Secretary of State since that time but Mr. Calhoun."

To the inference which, without much violence, may be drawn from this remark, Mr. Calhoun replies:

"As to the insinuation, that I am the only member of the cabinet of Mr. Monroe who has since been Secretary of State, and all others like Calhoun, I pass them with the silent contempt due to their baseness, and the source whence they came."

We do not believe that, in a matter of such gravity, the public judgment is to be put off or evaded by assumptions of dignity or offended virtue in any quarter.

The archives of the government have either been designedly plundered, or most negligently kept. With whom the responsibility rests we do not undertake to say, or even conjecture. The great importance of these opinions, as bearing upon the question of power over slavery in the territories, cannot be overrated. Those who denied it, and were seeking to extend slavery, had a deep interest in the suppression of this testimony against them, from some of the master spirits of the South. In saying this, we neither design to accuse nor draw down suspicion upon any man. But it is due to all concerned that the subject should be probed to the bottom; with the evidence now before us that the opinions of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, have been in the custody of the Department of State.

From the National Era.

Education. No. 1.

In discussing the important subject of education, we do not intend limiting ourselves to any fixed rules; but, taking a wide range, purpose viewing it in its most comprehensive significance.

We hope, after glancing at the present condition of society, to demonstrate clearly to our readers a few important propositions.

1st. The moral and social evils existing in society depend to a great extent upon a wrong system of education.

2nd. Our present system of education is wrong, because it is not in harmony with nature—it does not rightly develop the physical, intellectual, and moral nature of man.

3rd. A right system of education will do this—consequently, will reform and renovate the world.

There is no subject so worthy the attention of an intelligent community as that of education. There is no subject that has occupied so large a share of the interest of the Learned and the Philanthropist of all enlightened nations; and yet there is no one so little understood by all. It is a melancholy truth, that the moral and social progress of man has never been in the same ratio with his advancement in the arts and sciences. Human ingenuity and invention have been racked in bringing these to perfection; and—look at the glorious results!

The canvass and the marble speak to us in all the touching passions of humanity, until we almost believe that the artists were possessed of Promethean power. Our poets charm us with their harmonious versification and exalted sentiments, while an angel might listen to the entrancing notes of a Laborer.

The land is full of labor-saving machines, of most wonderful power, that hourly perform the work of thousands, and they are daily increasing. Railroads radiate to every point of the compass, "making the solitary places glad." Steamboats, with their untiring wheels, plough deep into the bosom of all our navigable streams, and, ere long, the whole globe will be traversed by steamboats and steam engines, connecting land and sea, to its remotest corners.

Science, eagle-like, has soared above the clouds, and seized the lightning by its flaming tongue, compelling it to become a machine of thought between man and man.

Wonderful!—to compel that force power to utter friendly words, that is born of the warring elements, that goes with a leap and a shout on its mission of destruction and death, tearing the startled oak as if it were a toy, and rending the bosom of the everlasting hills!

But, while science has done so much—has forced the clouds, winds, waves, and all the elements of nature, to do its bidding—why has our social and moral advancement been so slow? Is the fault in nature, rather, in nature's God? Has he imperfectly developed man's moral powers? Nay! He has imparted to them the same elements of progress with his intellectual, and vastly higher. Where, then, shall we look for the cause of this wrong, but to our leaders, who say to the mass of mankind:—You are incapable of thinking for yourselves; pin your faith on our sleeves."

While the greater part of these have remained inert—have covered themselves with the learned dust of centuries, and rested, like a mighty incubus, upon human progress—they have perverted their veneration

by *Deifying* man—by embracing principles opposed to advancement, as incontrovertible truths—many of which were adopted for the government of a barbarous people—and adhering to them, with a spirit as undiminished as if there were no law of progress written all over God's works, on each atom of our globe, and in burning, shining characters on the vast systems of worlds filling immensity, and how much more distinctly on mind, for which all matter was created.

We grieve over this conservatism; its tendency is to barbarism, its spirit is opposed to an enlightened Christianity. But we can no longer marvel that our social and moral progress has been so slow, when there has been so strong an inclination among our leaders to go back, instead of forward, for light—to pore over dusty tomes, and perplex themselves with indecipherable hieroglyphics, when the fair book of NATURE lay spread out before them.

But while the great moral leaders have been thus engaged, and in disputing about the letter of the law, the people have been catching a portion of its spirit, and are no longer willing to be kept in bondage to old dogmas. PROGRESS! is their watchword. Progress is Nature's eternal law; and all her forests, mountains, and seas, respond to them in one universal anthem.

Thus we find that the present state of society is highly reactionary, and is becoming more and more so. We should contemplate its chaotic condition with sorrow, did we not see a new and more beautiful creation evolving from the confusion—did we not behold that star that a few years since appeared in the east, and that, like a Saviour, has attracted the attention of the wise, shining with undimmed brightness upon the night of metaphysical doubt and speculation, in which the minds of many of the wise and good of past ages wandered without a guide, and were lost in the uncertain lights that flickered around them.

This star is attended with brilliant satellites, which, like it, receive all their light from the great Spiritual Sun, the centre of the Moral System.

We said that society is in a highly reactionary condition. It grasps with one hand the most noble and elevating truths, and retains with the other the prejudices and customs of the darker ages. There is now existing in the community two powerful antagonistic principles—the *loves* principle and the *forces* principle. The former says, "If thou enest hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;" the latter, "Away with him; kill him; crucify him!"

The "one is of the earth, earthly;" the other "is the Lord from heaven." The one belongs exclusively to an enlightened Christian people; the other to a barbarous, savage people. Is it not so? And yet the most powerful and convincing arguments of enlightened nations are still given at the cannon's mouth. Christian and barbarous nations still revenge their injuries in the same manner—by an appeal to arms; the only difference consisting in the manner of attack and the form of the weapon.

The savage rushes upon the savage with horrid yell, sending the poisoned darts thickly upon the unprotected body, each warrior killing his single man with only one fly of his arrow. The Christian, arrayed in full armor, marches on his message of death to the measure of celestial music; and, while his holy strains are filling the air, sends his accursed bombshells into the very heart of ancient and glorious cities—the archives of the earth—destroying their proudest monuments of art and most sacred relics of antiquity, and—O, my God!—in a moment of time, blotting thousands of thy creatures from existence forever—worse than all, casting a moral blight and darkness over the earth, that the light of an eternity cannot dissipate.

Still, enlightened Christian, like barbarous nations, yield their highest honors to their warriors, raising them to the most exalted positions in Government, to wield all the political and moral power of a community; consequently adding increased glory and dignity to the profession of arms, thereby making a necessity of war—while they leave their veteran statesmen, who for half centuries have toiled unceasingly for the honor and good of their country, to wear their laurel wreaths upon their tombs.

The *loves* principle is stronger than the *forces* principle, and, oh! how sublime, how beautiful in its strength! It is high as Heaven—who can attain it?—deep as the unfathomable ocean—who can reach it?—vast as eternity—who embrace it?—and yet, an infant in its type, it is so humble. We said that the *loves* principle is more powerful than the *forces* principle; but there is so little of the former in the world, that the latter triumphs—consequently, that "might makes right," has become an almost universal maxim. No marvel, then, that the moral power of society is weakened, instead of being made strong, by numbers—no marvel, when each would rob the other of his right, that with an increase of numbers there should be an increase of crime, and that this vast accumulation should constantly ferment, and throw out from its agitated bosom fierce assassins and bloody rioters—no marvel, that the mob should rule in place of law, while the *loves* principle triumphs—while it is educated into the mind of the little infant, from the moment that its plastic nature is capable of thought.

It is the province of education to harmonize these antagonistic principles, to make force subservient to love, by directing the belligerent nature of man against the errors and vices of society, instead of individual members and nations.

How much better were it—how much more consistent—for enlightened Christian nations to meet their enemies with the weapons of intellectual argument. Oh! how infinitely better were it for society, could her vanquished enemies rise untrapped from the field of conflict, only stripped of the false armor with which they arrayed themselves for the combat, than to listen to the groans of men cut off in the midst of their days; and behold "lean and hungry dogs" prowling about the dead bodies of fathers! husbands! and sons! licking from the drunken earth their precious blood; while its loathing bosom sends forth a deadly miasma, filling the very air of heaven with the foulness of the play.

We have said, and shall endeavor to demonstrate clearly, that the social and moral evils of society grow out of a wrong system of education—out of an incomplete development of man's physical, intellectual and moral nature. We must look to the cause of the evil for its remedy—to a right system of education to correct the evils of the wrong.

We often hear it said, "The world is full of errors, and needs reforming, but where can we begin?"

Nature teaches us that the tender sapling can easily be trained into a perfect tree; while the gnarled oak, that lifts its giant arms on high, and strikes its roots deep into the heart of the earth, must wither in its proud deformity, unless blasted, at once, by the lightning of Heaven. Deeply-rooted prejudices and veteran habits cannot be easily overcome; but the old generation is fast passing away, another is filling its place with minds highly impressible, and capable of appreciating and practicing the most exalted virtues. To them God seems to point in his providence, and say, "There is a new race—begin once more."

The call is particularly to parents and teachers. They are to rekindle, in man, the bright spark which emanated from the Deity, but which has become almost extinguished in the rubbish of the world.—They are to mould the mind for time!—to fashion it for eternity!

HUNGARY.

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The Tribune translates the following singular letter—which is referred to in the last letter of our Paris correspondent—from the Paris journal *Le Temps*, but without presuming to affirm that it is authentic. Nevertheless, it is not devoid of the features of Kossuth's other letters. *Le Temps* is a highly respectable paper, and seems to entertain no doubt of its genuineness. It introduces it by the following remarks:

"Our readers will desire some explanation of the following letter. The strange appellations by which Kossuth indicates several persons, refer to special circumstances, which we could not now explain without imprudence. As for the rest, Dembinski and Ben will easily be recognized by their Christian names of Henry and Joseph. Gorgey is also designated so as to leave no doubt as to him."

Here is the letter:

NEW-ORLEANS, August, 1849.

To the Count Adam Potocki.

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR: You are a torrent,* and as such above the vanities which are reflected by the smoothest lake. According if I name you again, my dear ambassador, it is because at the time of our legitimate hopes you filled a mission with the éclat of merit and the talent of a frank and skillful man, because when you were before the man to whom you were sent, and found him other than he had promised to be, like a noble son of Poland, you remembered the action of Skarbek Habedank. Of this I have been truly proud, as a Hungarian, as a Slavonian, and as the chief of a liberal Government. Thanks! and once more, by St. Stephen, thanks! Be blessed!

From the beginning of last year, Count, I had made you the depository of my plans, of my policy, which the son of the fortress has never known how, or been willingly frankly to second; which the descendant of the old horse accepted, but not without opposition and passion; which you alone knew by heart; which Henry divined and Joseph had a presentiment of, but which another, alas! neither understood, nor seconded, nor shared. I knew it, but I could not believe that the *tamer of the dragon* could ever yield before the eagle, and suffer himself to be carried off in its talons! My mind refused to believe that it could ever be forced to say of that son, so beautiful and so brave "And thou also!"—Reproaches without bitterness, regrets without remorse.

While I existed, I lived well, because I sought to do the right and unmask the wrong; to conquer peace by endeavoring to combat a state of things which is *living war*—to revive men's hearts by calling to us all who suffered and to whom I could say with the sage: "spes illorum immortalitatis est plena." I have sought the means of imitating Christ, of saving His temple, of defending His pontiff, by assuming the banner of the cross and extending His power by a democratic crusade; and I must say that, preaching in sincerity and self-denial, I succeeded in effacing myself and considering myself as compensated beyond my merit when I saw what stars shone around me, and cast their light even upon my shadow. But every sun has its spots, and no strongest mind can avoid deficiencies.

I shall not recall to you anything of our acts, of our heroic prowess, for you, Count, know them as well as I. But, worn out by a life of which I am weary, I desire, before laying off my burden, to say to him who will understand them many last words: that I would fain not confess to no purpose, O, that they might become the grain of mustard seed and be fruitful! For the useful life of a man on this earth must be productive, or else it is accursed.

Certain of your countrymen have compared me to Thaddeus Kosciuszko. In a certain sphere this is too much, but in another measure it is exact.

—If, with the sovereign authority which I had in our nation I could have obtained the military preponderance enjoyed by the victor of Racławice and Szczekocin, Europe would, in a few years, have been called to enjoy those destinies which at this time are illusory, but which will, nevertheless, be one day capable of realization.—But I was not a soldier; and if I have sometimes desired to brandish the sword, I have been compelled to remember that I held the sceptre. "I was made to curse the great ones which kept me upon the shore."

Therefore I have not been able to be a warrior, and in this I incline before Thaddeus. But what he was, and could not be, I am; namely, a CHRISTIAN DEMOCRAT, revolting not against the oppressor but against oppression; not uttering the challenge of a gentleman, but the appeal of an apostle. Say, Count, can you refuse me this justice? Kosciuszko, falling at Maciejowice, confessed that he was vanquished, it is true; but he despaired of his country with a word which I will not recall. Ah! never shall such an exclamation escape from my breast!

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out them." If I could add anything to a saying so just it would be, "and by means of them." For nothing that God has created can be destroyed; nothing can be lost! Evil itself only destroys itself by degrees, though it is not of divine origin, and when it ceases it is like those subtle matters which become volatile to mount to the clouds and mingle in some new and powerful tempest.

Then to those who believe: Hope! To those who have hearts in their bosoms: Our example! To those who are just: The love of God! To those, finally, who suffer, weep and groan in the darkness and the gall of the holy Friday! The splendors more and more certain of the Great Night.

Nothing has been lost! Oppression has got before us one stage, but this hasty march prematurely aided will be for it an enervating Caput. The Hannibal who in 1849 has subdued Hungary will in the future find himself in the situation to which that great Captain and Carthage were reduced by Scipio, the man of 26 years, who had on his side only faith and right, and who hastened to the Capitol to return thanks to Heaven!

You did not know it, Count, but I desire to tell you that a high and powerful Lord did me the honor to write to me. I say, did me the honor, because in truth the terms of the letter, the thoughts there expressed, (God alone sounds the heart!) the judgments, and even the desires contained nothing that was not very honorable for me.—Count, the Emperor Nicholas knows where the light is; he knows where the truth is, or I grossly deceive myself. Believe me, great things are preparing. All that has happened we must recognise as conducted by a hand stretched further forth than ours. It is before me like a demonstration that many among us had a part assigned from their early persons charged with the duty of knowing all, from the ground to the highest peak; that some are constantly controlled by others; that this situation assumes a thousand transfigurations; that he who knows can wait. We inevitably finish by understanding the truth. To set Paul and John quarrelling to separate them and get a footing with them, is no new thing, but may be done to a new end.

The Russians will camp at Leopold, at Presburg and Buda, at Vienna even without committing there a single excess. The policy of Russia has changed its character since she mingled in our affairs. She desires to make herself loved, and I fear she will succeed in it. Those who have desired her most will seek her favors and her smile; and, parvenue as she was, she will just, the beautiful, the noble. Russia then hence will be at the head of the Democracy, and blessed perhaps—so changing is destiny—even by you and me!

By me, alas! that will be from beyond the tomb—but by you, Count, by your children, by all those half citizens who slay each other instead of clasping each other in a holy embrace. Yes, certainly, blood, a great deal of blood still to be poured, must come to that result!

That will be the punishment of corrupt nations who have allowed us to perish—degenerate through selfishness and buying and selling their conscience only be saved by devotion.

Adieu my dear Ambassador! I am happy to have known you, and to say to you that I love you as if you were my child, so much have I grown old!

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

* The day of Easter is called in Polish, *Wielkanoc*, the Great Night.

From the Christian Chronicle.

Correction.

Bowling Green, Ky., Sept. 8, 1849.

Messrs. Editors:—In your paper of August 29th, you published a communication from a correspondent, who refers to me in very respectful and affectionate terms.—I am much indebted to him for his favorable opinion of me, and when he is told that the torrents of abuse have been poured upon me on account of my espousal of the Emancipation cause in this State, he will readily conceive that I am prepared to appreciate more intensely than ever before, the words of approval which my friends now and then have the kindness to utter.

Your correspondent labors under two or three mistakes, which it is the object of this letter to correct.

First, I am represented as a "slaveholder." This is not so. By the will of my father, I became the owner of a colored boy; but I gave him permission to go to Liberia, and was attempting to prepare him for the enjoyment of freedom, when he was attacked by disease and died. It is to me a consoling thought, that while a member of my family he became, as I believe, a sincere Christian.

I am not a slaveholder. I would rather utter this declaration than sit on a Monarch's throne and wear a Monarch's crown.

Again, your correspondent represents me as "alienated from his [my] friends." I suppose he means my friends of the pro-slavery party. I do not think I am "alienated." I deplore the infatuation of many whom I have considered my friends. Nothing, in my judgement, but infatuation can account for the determination of the people of Kentucky to perpetuate slavery. This determination wrings my heart with anguish.

Every one ought to know that slavery is a violation of the natural rights of man. I exist by legal right, that is to say, it is the creature of positive, local law. Man's natural right to liberty God has given. The "legal right" which one man has to make a slave of another, is of human origin. The natural right to liberty which God has established, comes into collision with the legal right to take away liberty which man has established. Surely the right which is of human creation should yield to the right which is of divine origin. I did hope that this would be the case under the new Constitution of Kentucky; but the pro-slavery party has triumphed. Excuse me, Messrs. Editors, for I do not intend to write a dissertation on slavery.

Lastly, your correspondent represents me as "no longer welcome" among the members of the church in this place. I think at least two-thirds of the members are Emancipationists, and I must say that several of the pro-slavery brethren have urged me to remain. It is understood, however,

that my pastoral connection will be dissolved at the close of the present year. Unwilling to spend my life, or rear my children in a slave State, I expect, during the next year to seek a location north of the Ohio river.

LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Architects.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

All are Architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low—
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with material filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these—
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seem to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending all secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those towers, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain
And one boundless reach of sky.

[From Sartoris's Magazine.]
THE TREASURE-SEEKER;
OR, THE ADVENTURES OF
CHRISTOPHER RICHSTEIN.

BY MRS. E. S. SWIFT.

"Gold! gold! glittering, precious gold!
That much of toil, with make black, white, foul, fair,
Wrong, right, base, noble, old, young, coward, valiant,"
Shakespeare.

"Donner and blitzen! woman, you hold
your tongue! A man cannot take a walk of
nights without your gabble, dinnings his ears
forever about it."

"Yes—but Christopher, the neighbors say you
are after no good in that lonesome place down
the river, night after night."

"I don't care a silver what the neighbors say,
Frau Richsteins. They will open their eyes and
their mouths too, some day, wide enough. If
you could keep a secret, I might tell you some-
thing that would make you dance like little Cinda,
when she peeped into her Christmas stocking."

"O, indeed, Christopher, good husband, I will
be as still as death, indeed, indeed I will."

"Yes, yes, Frau, until some of your gossip
come in. But this secret you will be a fool to
tell any one; for it concerns yourself and our
little ones. Hark, mistress; do you see Squire
Rollins' big house yonder? Well, before this
month is out, I hope to have money enough to
build a square of such houses; and, keep
moreover than Joe Bennet has in all his estates."

But mind—one word of all this from your lips
to any of our neighbors would ruin everything; so
be still, Catharina Richstein, and be a prudent
wife, and wait for what you will see."

Christopher took from a peg his old black cloak
and hat, and bidding her go to bed betimes, for
he would not be back very soon, opened the
street door and was soon out of sight.

Frau Richstein sat for a quarter of an hour
when her husband had left her; her knitting had
fallen from her hands in her entire astonishment
at his mysterious words; her eyes were dilated to
their utmost extension—her mouth pursed up, as
if she was afraid to open her lips, lest the won-
derful secret might make its escape. And so she
will leave her, reader, and follow Christopher.

Christopher Richstein was a German, who had
emigrated to the United States with several of
his brothers, during the war that devastated the
Fatherland, in 1813. His father had been a
teacher in the Lutheran school, in Nienstein, on
the river Rhine, near Oppenheim. Christopher
had received a good education at one of the free
schools, but he had imbibed with his learning all
the superstitions so prevalent at that period in
the provinces. He was a firm believer in de-
mons, fairies, and good and bad influences de-
pending upon the conjunction of certain planets.
He was constantly upon his person a charmed
amulet, given to him in his boyhood by a decrepit
and sunken woman, an Altrine, or gipsy pro-
phetess. He had been the means of saving her
from being dragged through the college pond, by
some mischievous wags of the school. The old
crone assured him, that as long as he possessed
this treasure, he would be defended from the mal-
ice and power of the bad spirits that abide on the
earth to influence the destinies of men. That
as this earth was filled with light and darkness,
so also, it was the kingdom of good and evil be-
ings, who, cloaked in air, were invisible to mortal
eyes, unless their sight had been purified by deep
afflictions or religious abstinence. She also
drew the boy's horoscope, and foretold that in a
distant land, among a strange people, in his for-
ty-second year, he would become rich and great.

Christopher kept these prophecies to himself;
but the influence they had upon his life, was
fatal to his industry and usefulness. His trade
was a good one, and constant employment was
at his disposal. But though his wife and children
were objects to him of the deepest affection, he
neglected his business, and consequently their
comfortable support, for long and solitary ram-
bles in out-of-the-way places. One day he would
be seen on the top of a mountain, peering about
as if in search of something he had lost; then, re-
turning, he would be seen in a wood, or in a field,
with his head bent, and his eyes always seeking
the ground. Of course he became an object of
contempt and suspicion to many, and his imme-
diate neighbors and acquaintances would say,
"Christopher was a queer, visionary man, that
would come to no good yet."

Always taciturn, he evaded the questions of
the inquisitive and meddling, by monosyllables;
and would speak on any other subject but the
one which occupied his thoughts day and night.
In Nienstein, Christopher had been cantor to the
Lutheran church. His voice was a fine
tenor, and when first he came to the village, he
would frequently sing the solemn old psalm tones,
learned in the Fatherland—but of late years his
taste for music had undergone a singular change.
Snatches of wild songs of buccannens and pi-
rates; ballads like "Eugene Aram," descriptive
of a awful murder and guilt, had become his fa-
vorites. One song, said to have been written by
the celebrated pirate "Blackbeard," he sang so
frequently that all the children in his neighbor-
hood knew it as well as their alphabet.

Twilight had deepened into night, and the
moon was silencing the tops of the dark pines on
the Jersey shore. Christopher is seated on the
trunk of a fallen tree, on the Pennsylvania side
of the river. His dead branches rest and plunge
into the uplifting waves, breaking the waters in-
to a thousand dimples, that shimmer in the moon
beams like priceless gems. Christopher is ab-
sorbed in deep thought, his eyes fixed upon one
spot. He is calculating the great age of the pre-
hailing monarch of the forest, whose moss-grown
trunk affords him such a quiet resting place. Is he
in fancy, calling up the dim shapes of past
ages, when this road was a wilderness, when
the stars looked down upon the dusky tribes who
made this beautiful land their home, and saw no
limits to their territory? Or in the calm stillness

of this sweet summer evening, is he listening to
the shrill cry of the piercing war-whoop echoing
from shore to shore? Does he see the council fire
of the chiefs flashing among the dark woodlands,
or the light canoe, floating like a sea-bird over the
blue waters? No—Christopher is insensible to
all such influences. He is thinking of one
whose early path was tracked by blood and de-
struction—the rover of the seas—the dreaded pirate
Blackbeard! He is estimating the chances to
himself of appropriating the buried treasure of
the freebooter.

For long months he has been busy in searching
the shores of the Delaware river. He is owner
of a small boat, in which he has made many a
nightly voyage, whilst others slept. It is fur-
nished with spades, pickaxes, and sundry articles
for excavating the earth. By day it is concealed
with the utmost care and caution, for Christopher
fears some spying Yankee may infringe upon his
rights to the El Dorado that he hopes he has at
length discovered.

About two miles from —, on the Pennsylv-
ania shore of the Delaware river, a ledge of
rocks rises abruptly from the land, covered with
shrubs and dwarf trees. Their projecting pin-
nacles, towering up to a considerable height,
seemed so slightly poised that the pedestrian fan-
cied they are about to fall, and crush him in their
descent. From the summit you pause at the di-
vinized and fairy-like beauty of the scene be-
fore you.

Hill and valley, luxuriant in their summer ver-
dure, covered with rich masses of foliage, border
the Pennsylvania side, whilst the Jersey shore
is fringed with dark evergreens and trailing
plants, whose graceful festoons are waving in the
gay sunshine. A few white houses are seen at
intervals, half hidden by clumps of pine, that re-
flect their sombre shadows on the face of the
bright river that goes rippling past, its waves
making soft music. At the base of the largest
rock a piece appears to have been cut out, as if
done by the labor of man, and a cross, with some
strange characters below it, is rudely carved in
the centre. In this locality a scene of death and
superstition was enacted, still well remem-
bered by the ancient people of the valley—

This spot is many miles from his home; but
Christopher's distance is no impediment to Chris-
topher's enterprise. He was even rejoiced that
his secret was so far removed from the eyes of
his inquisitive neighbors. Rumor already had
been busy with his good name; ill-natured tongues
had generated domestic broils between his wife
and himself, from his long-protracted absence
from his business and family. But what of that?
His wealth would be uncalculable. Gold was
the magic key that unlocked all hearts. He
knew that when he was able to scatter his dollars
lavishly, those now the first to blame would be
foremost to applaud and honor him.

The fabulous rumors, exaggerated into the
supernatural, that were rising respecting Black-
beard along the shores of the Delaware, had been
discussed again and again by himself and a fol-
low-countryman, who lived quite near the place
where it was suspected the treasure was buried.
This man Christopher had been obliged to take
into his confidence, for the excavation he had
already made was too deep for his unassisted
strength.

Hahn's Kraemer had been sworn to secrecy by
strange and mystical ceremonies belonging to
the superstitions of the Fatherland. His simple
mind believed in them with a lover's faith.
Christopher had worked not only upon his fears
but his hopes—he had promised him a share in
the booty if the enterprise was successful.

It is near midnight. Christopher has fastened
his boat, and is now standing by a pile of loose
earth covered with brushwood. No one would
imagine from the appearance of this tangled heap
that it had been disturbed for years. But Chris-
topher knows the disposition of every stick and
brier. How closely he examines it on every side.
He smiles with satisfaction to perceive that it
remains as he left it a week ago. This is the
spot that he firmly believes is the El Dorado of
the pirate. It is immediately at the base of the
rock with the carved cross where he has made
his excavation. Here, at intervals, he has been
industriously digging for many weeks, and now,
on this night, if ever, he must reap the reward of
so much labor and trouble; for it is his birth-
right—when the clock strikes twelve he will be
forty-two years old. It is the time, too, dimly
shadowed forth in the Altrine's prophecy, that
he should become rich and great. He congrat-
ulates himself with having managed thus far
everything with secrecy and success. Already
he has dug down to the depth of nearly twenty
feet. It cannot be much lower. But what de-
fends Hahn's Kraemer?

Christopher looked at his old silver watch. Ah!
it wants an hour of the appointed time; so he
will walk down the road, for his limbs feel cramped
from sitting so long in his boat. He went
joyously forward, like a boy of eighteen—his mind
was a chaos of strange fancies. Wealth—un-
limited wealth! what should he do with so much
money? He could not calm the beatings of his
heart. Ah, he knew how he would spend his
treasure; he would buy houses and lands, horses,
carriages. This he felt to be sufficient for his vast
desires. No, he would return to Germany, that
dear Fatherland! and tears, true and earnest tears
of affection, were coursing down his cheeks at
the thought of his boyhood's home. Poor Chris-
topher!

But hark! his mood has changed; and now, in
clear, rich tones, he is singing the pirate's song.
We will listen to him, reader.

Bury my treasure deep, my boys,
Bury it deep and deep,
For years, perchance, in this western world
This treasure must be kept deep.

There, where that gray rock lifts its head,
Like a sentinel, stern and grim,
Like the grave for my iron chest,
With gold hoarded up to the brim.

Diamonds, and rubies, and oriental pearls,
Are shining together there;
With many a rich and brave gem,
A queen might be proud to wear.

But all they were dearly bought, my boys,
With cutlasses and sword, and brand—
It will take all the waters of earth to wash
The blood stains from my hand.

Outrigger, when the nights are stormy and dark,
I think I hear on the boat,
The dying shrieks of the heavy priest
We nailed to the Spanish mast!

And the Portuguese girl we flung to sea,
Whose rose to the wave's side,
How we hacked off the white hands clinging there,
Till the waves were with crimson dyed.

With his women and children fair,
Oh! sometimes think I shall never forget
Those faces of wild despair!

But these are dead thoughts, silly and weak,
That over my brave heart creep;
O'er me on the deck of the Buccaneer,
We will keep them all to sleep.

Now trample the earth down hard, my boys,
And pile the loose stones high,
That none may gaze, that none may creep,
The treasures of Blackbeard lie.

But before we go, I will carve a cross
With my bright Toledo steel;
And new to the boat, ere the morning's light
Shall our presence here reveal.

And never more, for this western world
Did those pirates cross the main,
And not till eighty years, a score,
Will their ghosts be found again.

account to speak one word—no matter what you
see or hear, be silent; for on your silence
our success, are, even on your very depend-
ence, a whisper from your lips, would bring up-
on us both swift destruction! Let down the
bucket, and when I fill it with earth, draw it up
carefully and steadily with the winch. To-
night, or never, I shall find the pirate's treas-
ure."

Hahn faithfully promised to obey his instruc-
tions; when Christopher, again turning to his al-
ready frightened companions, said,

"I feel that the spirits of the invisible world
are even now hovering about us. The air is fill-
ed with them to-night. Oh! there will be a sore
battle fought with the fiends that guard the treas-
ure; but the amulet I wear will protect us from
the demon's power."

A loud clap of thunder that reverberated
among the hills, as if the fiends were answering
the hostile charge against him, made them both
tremble with superstitious dread. A dead silence
prevailed for some minutes, and each stood gaze-
ing earnestly at the other. The moon, that had
been shining with crystal splendor, was now ob-
scured by dark masses of clouds; the wind in
fierce gusts was sweeping into heavy waves the
lead-colored waters of the river; and the trees,
away from their leafy heads to the breeze,
moaned loudly in the gathering storm. Again
the thunder pealed from the shrouded heavens,
accompanied by flashes of forked lightning, that
played like a fiery pennon amid the deepening
gloom, illuminating for a brief instant every ob-
ject with vivid distinctness, and revealing the
pale, horror-struck countenances of the men to
each other.

This sudden outbreak of the elements, Chris-
topher and Hahn believed firmly was caused by
supernatural influences. They thought, amid
the crash of the thunder, that they heard myste-
rious whisperings borne on the air, wild words,
and wilder shrieks appeared to mingle in the war
of the tempest. The rain descended like a
mighty torrent overleaping its boundaries; but
still they stood, as if spell-bound, regardless of
its overwhelming force. Christopher was the first
to regain his self-possession, and firmly grasping
the arm of his companion, he moved towards the
rock. Hahn, shaking in every limb, resisted
with all his might the attempt to lead him in that
direction; and when at last Christopher's superi-
or strength impelled him forward, he recoiled like
a drunken man, and seemed as if about to swoon.

Strange to say, in all this pantomime, not a word
was spoken by either, both being fearful of break-
ing the mysterious charm, they believed to be at
work around them.

The storm subsided as suddenly as it had aris-
en; and again the moon breaking from the drift-
ing clouds glittered among the trees laden with
rain-drops, and the earth sent up her incense
filling the air with the fragrance of grasses and
leaves. The cheerful moonlight appeared to re-
vive their courage; and although both felt an-
xious, if not apprehensive for the result of their
temerity, in searching for treasure thus evident-
ly guarded by evil spirits, they resolutely went
to work, removing the piled brushwood from the
excavation, and adjusted the windlass and bucket
securely.

In a few moments all was in readiness, and
Christopher, with his implements for digging, de-
scended, and commenced his labors. Hahn as-
sisted him as far as possible, but had five times
drawn up and returned the bucket, and was in
the act of lowering it again, when the rope be-
coming entangled, he impatiently exclaimed,
"Der Teufel," when the bucket slipped from his
grasp, and striking against the side of the excava-
tion in its rapid descent, in a moment, the
saturated earth caved in with a noise like sub-
terranean thunder, and buried Christopher be-
neath the surface. Hahn stood paralyzed with
horror at this unlooked for misfortune; then with
an energy that desperation alone could inspire,
he eagerly began to dig away the loosened soil,
calling upon Christopher in accents of passionate
despair, or shouting for assistance, with scarce a
hope, that in that lonesome spot he would be
heard. Poor wretch! how the deep silence of the
summer's night mocked his cry. In vain, in his
frantic calls, would he bend his ear close to
the opening, hoping to receive an answer from
Christopher. No word, no moan, evinced that
suffering life was there!

And now, a more fearful shadow fell on his
spirit; fantastic and horrible images seemed to
ering around him; he saw, or fancied that he
saw, in the dark recesses of the woods, some-
thing moving towards him, with great eyes,
glowing like liquid fire. It was certainly the
evil fiend that guarded the treasure, coming for
him also. At the thought, he bounded up the
road with wild cries, never pausing until he burst
into the midst of some farmers, proceeding to
the city with their early marketing. His start-
ling intelligence soon spread far and near, and a
party of some twenty men, with crowbars and
spades, accompanied him back to the scene of
the disaster, he never ceasing to implore them to
hasten their already rapid movements.

After some hours of incessant labor, they came
to the body of poor Christopher, covered with
blood and dirt. The weight of earth that had
fallen upon him had crushed and mutilated him
fearfully. His pallid face bore marks of extreme
suffering but he still breathed. He was borne to
the nearest house, and medical aid summon-
ed; but he survived only long enough to see his
unhappy wife, and take a last farewell of her.
Yet to his dying moment, he persisted in declar-
ing that he had seen the pirate's chest, and was
in the act of lifting it, when Hahn uttered the
exclamation, and it suddenly sank into the earth
beneath his feet, and he was deprived of all con-
sciousness.

He left a solemn charge to his son, when old
enough, to prosecute the search in the same di-
rection; and asserted, that he could not fail to
obtain the hidden treasure.

But since the death of poor Christopher, no
man has been found courageous enough, to at-
tempt the discovery of riches, thus guarded by
malign influences. And those who are obliged
to pass the rock at nightfall, say, that in the
midst of summer they feel as if their hearts
would freeze in their bosoms; and many affirm
that they have seen strange shapes standing on
its summit, too unnatural to belong to this world.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—Arch-
bishop Usher was wrecked on the coast of
Ireland, in a wild and desert place. In
his distress, he went to the house of an ec-
clesiastic—a man reserved and prudent al-
most to distrust; and to conciliate his feel-
ings, alleged his sacred character. The ec-
clesiastic, in a tone hardly civil, refused
to believe him, and said he would answer
for it he had never known how many com-
mandments there were. "I can prove to
you," answered the archbishop, with mild-
ness, that I am not so ignorant as you
think: there are eleven. "Eleven!" an-
swered the ecclesiastic, "very well, tell me
the eleven, and I will give you all the help
you need." "Here it is," replied the arch-
bishop: "a new commandment gave I unto
you, that ye love one another."—John 13:
34.

THE BROTHER AND THE GUINEA.—A beg-
gar asking Dr. Smollet for a shilling, by
mistake gave him a guinea. The poor
fellow perceiving it, hobbled after him to
return the money; upon which Smollet re-
turned it to him with a second guinea, as
a reward for his honesty, exclaiming, "What
a lodging has honesty taken up with! I
would rather be that man than a dishonest
king."

Definition of "Snob."
There is no way of defining this word
but by illustration.

The snob showed itself in Alexander the
Great, when he remarked, that "were he
not Alexander, he would wish to be Dio-
genes," after some interchange of repartee
between that vagrant and himself, in the
which he (the Great) had come off "second
best."

It was strongly developed in the conduct
of the Black Prince, after the battle of
Poitiers, when he made his triumphant entry
into London, riding, bare-headed, on a very
small horse meekly caparisoned, while John
of France, his captive, who rode by his side,
was ostentatiously furnished with a splendid
charger.

It was displayed in the behavior of Cor-
delia, when she refused to humor the whim
of her half-crazed father, doing, poor old
father, who wished her (whom he had pet-
ted beyond his other daughters), to say that
she loved him very dearly. As an eminent
divine observes, how much of misery
might have been averted by a good spank-
ing.

But a more familiar instance is afforded
in what may be called the "merchant prince
snob," of our own day; with a palace for a
residence, he occupies the basement,
the parlors being devoted to the four times
a year reception of dinner or ball guests,
unless a domestic funeral should put in its
claim; with carriages and horses in plenty,
yet riding in an omnibus, the fare of which,
in the form of a sixpenny-piece, he gener-
ally pulls from his mouth, where he de-
posited it on entering the vehicle, "that he
might have it handy;" he pares and cleans
his nails with a sharp-pointed penknife dur-
ing the ride. With a library containing
a dictionary, he writes to his saddler for a
set of harness—but all his snobs spell
set with a double t)—and he talks to his
tailor about "pants." He stops at the Well-
street auction-room in company with another
of the same species, and gazes through his
hollowed hand at an "undoubted original,"
in the shape of a fourth-rate copy of a
very bad master, and talks over his shoulder
of "tone" and "fore-shortening" to his
fellow, who pokes the ferrule of his cane
against the stomach of one of the figures in
a brick-red cloak, and says it "stands out."

He frequents wine sales, and tastes every
sample of Tenerife, Madeira, and Hondo-
ras-put, until he "feels fire;" then he buys
a dozen of stuff that would be poison to
any but his own set. He says he thinks he
has read all of Scott's novels. When he
hears, and happily comprehends, a witty re-
mark, he appropriates by saying that it is
"not so bad." His classical knowledge ex-
tends to the calling of money "rocks;" for
indeed rupees would have so signified with
the Romans. His historical facts are much
confined to Queen Anne's farthings, of which
he states there are but two—and the guillo-
tine, by which, he tells you, the inventor
was the first to perish. He carries his por-
tramaieu from the steamboat, through Broad
way, (pushing aside the hungry boy who
applies for the office,) that people may see
he is not proud—contriving, however, to
hold it in a very awkward manner, to indi-
cate that he has not been accustomed to
journeyman; nor has he, for his father was a
workman bricklayer, and he himself com-
menced by selling old junk. He some-
times suffers his hair to grow on his upper
lip, but is discouraged on overhearing a
person say he looks like a billiard-marker.
He tries on your glove, and considers it no
stretch of familiarity. He reads the news-
paper silently, yet moving his lips, and
pours vinegar on his oyster. When he goes
to the country for a week in the month of
August, he assumes the negligé dress which
looks sufficiently well on a thoroughbred,
but knocks him back at once into the brick-
layer's son, assisting him to an air of rather
more dissipation, perhaps, than would be
likely to insure him an eligible situation as
household man. His salutation is "Sir, your
most." He has a great fund of humor in
the barber's shop, and "runs" the boy while
he is putting much grease on his hair. He
compares fineness of fabric with a brother
snob, who, like himself, has just "mounted
a new pair of pants." He quotes, and says
he is but "a looker-on in Venice."

To sum up, his constant aim is to "cut
a figure," which indeed he does—he is a vul-
gar fraction.—*Lift for the Lazy.*

A Grave Without a Monument.
Its poetry is, and human language, ever will
be, unwritten. Its elements of sublimity
are subjects of feeling, not of description.
Its records, like the reflection mirrored on
its waveless bosom cannot be transferred to
paper. Its vastness, its eternal heaving, its
majestic music in a storm, and its perils,
are things which I had endeavored a thou-
sand times to conceive; but until I was on
its mighty bosom, looking out upon its
moving mountain waves, feeling that eterni-
ty was distant from the thickness of a single
plank. I had tried in vain to think and
know the glory and grandeur of the sea.—
I there first felt what John of Patmos
meant when he said of heaven, "There shall
be no more sea." But there is no more
element of moral sublimity which impressed
my mind, and which I should be pleased if
I could transfer in all its vividness to the
largest of cemeteries, and all its slumbers
sleep without a monument. All other
grave yards, in all lands, show some sym-
bols of distinction between the great and
the small, the rich and the poor, but in the
ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the
prince and the peasant, are alike undistin-
guished.

The same wave rolls over all—the same
requiem by the minstrels of ocean, is sung
to their honor. Over their remains the
same storm beat and the same sun shines;
and there, unmarked, the weak and the
powerful, the plumed and the unadorned,
will sleep on, until awakened by the same
trump, the sea will give up its dead. I
thought of sailing over the slumbering but
devoted Cookman, who, after his brief but
brilliant career, perished in the President—
over the laughter-loving Power, who went
down in the same ill-fated vessel we have
passed. In that cemetery sleeps the accom-
plished and pious Fisher; where he and
thousands of the noble spirits of the
earth lie, no one but God knoweth. No
marble rises to point out where their ashes
are gathered, or where the lover of the good
and wise can go to shed the tear of sym-
pathy. Who can tell where lie the tens
of thousands of Africa's sons who perished in
the "middle passage"? Yet that cemetery
has no other ornaments of which one can boast.
On no other are the heavenly orb reflected
so much splendor. Over no other is
heard such noble melody. In no other are
so many inimitable traces of the power of
Jehovah. Never can I forget the days and
nights as I passed the noblest of cemeteries,
without a single human monument.—*Giles.*

"He who waits for dead men's shoes may
have to go for a long time beforefoot." "He
who runs after a shadow has a wearisome
race."

Swimming in the Sandwich Islands.
One of the greatest attractions was a
waterfall, about three hundred yards up the
river. It needed not the feats done there
to make the fall of the Waioke or River
of Destruction worth looking at. The riv-
er ran for some hundred yards or so in rap-
ids, over rocks and stones, the banks, crag
and precipice, two hundred feet high, whose
rudeness was softened and refined by ten-
drils and creepers, that hung down to the
foaming water, which ill-naturedly jerked
them as it rushed by. A huge rock divided
the stream, one half of which dashed
pettily on, and met a noisy fate down the
fall; while the other, of a milder, gentler
nature, ran along a channel of solid
rock, and fell in one heavy stream a depth
of about twenty-five feet, joining the rough
waters below. A little turmoil succeeded
the junction; then they flowed quietly on,
like brothers, arm-in-arm, till they fell
again, and soon were lost in the salt waters
of the ocean.

The great delight of the natives is to go
down this fall. They sit in the channel I
have described; they utter a shout, a scream
of joy, join the hands gracefully over the
head, and, one after another, the girls of
Hilo descend, emerging like sea-nymphs in
the eddy below. The figure, as it gleams
for an instant in the body of water, appears
to those standing below quite perfect; and
the gay shouts and laughing shout to fol-
low, has led to the death of many; for there
is some secret current that not only drowns,
but carries away the body too. The feat
was attempted by three of our men; but
none, I think, did it twice.

The descent of the lower fall is a lesser
feat, and the sensation of going down it
head foremost delightful; even that, how-
ever, is often fatal; and during our stay
here, a man was lost merely through mak-
ing a false step from the bank. The sur-
prising agility of the women especially baffles
description. One will sit by your side
on the high bank, and remain so till you
throw a stone into the water with all your
force; then down she jumps, straight as an
arrow, her feet crossed one over the instep
of the other, and emerges with a laugh,
holding up the stone. On first attempting
to rise to the surface after going down the
fall, the water seems, from the force of the
current, to be matted overhead, and it is
only by striking out into the eddy that you
can rise; this the girls manage to perfection.
They kick out their feet both together, and
replaining their hair with their hands, they
float about the edge with a grace that is
beautiful to see. Then the water is clear
and blue, not cold, frosty, half-thawed.—
As lazily one watched the stream, down
dropped from the ledges overhead, and cut
the bright water, what soon re-appeared, a
man or woman. These ledges are fifty or
eighty feet high; yet none seemed to regard
it as a feat, and the merry laugh told you
it was done but to surprise the European.—
We appeared contemptible in our own eyes
as we skurried from the rain with our um-
brellas; but we soon yielded to wiser teach-
ings, threw care away, got wet and dry again
without minding it, swam, and enjoyed it
as much as they did.—*Walpole's Four
Years in the Pacific.*

"Early to Bed and Early to Rise."
BY ELIZA COOK.
"Early to bed and early to rise"
Aye, note it down in your brain,
For it helps to make those foolish wives,
And uproots the weeds of pain.
Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
Who wish for a softer bed,
Try what can be done in the morning air,
And make use of the early hour.

Full many a day forever is lost
By delaying your work till to-morrow;
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.
And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power,
Ye who would couple Labor and Health,
Must begin at the early hour.

We make bold promises to Time,
Yet, alas! too often break them;
We mock at the wings of the King of Kings,
And think we can overtake them.
But why loiter after the prime of the day,
Knowing that clouds may lower,
Is it not safer to make Life's hay
In the beam of the early hour?

Nature herself ever shows her best
Of gifts to the gaze of the lark,
When the sunbeams of light on Earth's green
breast
Put out the stars of the dark.
If we love the purest pearl of the dew,
And the richest breath of the flower,
If our spirit would greet the fresh and the
sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

Oh! pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through Morning's gate
To sum up our figures, or plough up our
ground.
And we waste the threads of Fate.
The eye looketh bright and the heart keeps
light,
And man holds the conqueror's power,
When ready and brave, he claims Time as
his share
By the help of the early hour.

THE FABLED UPAS TREE.—What
passes with some as a fable, is after all a
reality. Brooke's Journal of a residence in
Borneo are entitled to all credit, for their
author ranks already as one of the most re-
markable men of the age—having by his in-
dividual enterprise, put in train a series of
events resulting in the conquest and prob-
able civilization of the savages of that
Island.

While making geological examinations
in search of coal, he with his friends dis-
covered an isolated upas tree, (*Antea-
ria*) nearly forty feet high. Its trunk
was almost straight, its bark smooth and of
a red tan color, and its head a dense mass
of dark green glossy foliage. The ground be-
neath its shade is crowded with tombs,
yet vegetation flourishes luxuriantly round
its roots.

In tapping it, no bad effects were experi-
enced from the effluvia. But on cutting it
to obtain a portion of the wood, bark, and
juice, a man was so much stupefied that he
was obliged to desert. It is ascertained that
the bread-fruit tree, the mulberry, and the
coco tree, of South America, belong to the
same natural order as the deadly Upas.—*N.
E. Puritan.*

LAW ACCORDING TO PUNCH.—We have
it on excellent authority, that if A owes B
money, and A is the owner of an elephant,
B may detain the elephant's trunk